



SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1920

## Delilah in 1920 Vamp Dress Lures U. S. Samson to Ruin

Philadelphia's Leading Rabbi Scores the Undress  
of Women of To-Day, and Declares  
That Marriage Is Becoming but  
a Prelude to Divorce.

Young Women Compete With Young Men in Cigarette  
Smoking—Bathing Suits Expose Half-Naked Bodies  
—Dancing Stops at No Vulgarity.

By Marguerite Moores Marshall.

THE United States, another Samson, is about to fall victim to Modern Depravity, a new Delilah; that grandmothers and granddaughters alike indulge in shocking indecencies without a blush; that dramas of nakedness are corrupting our youth; that dances of to-day are utterly vulgar; that divorce threatens to abolish marriage altogether—these are a few of the flaming oral thunderbolts just hurled at his devoted congregation and the country at large by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D., in his New Year's sermon at Temple Keneseth Israel.

And at his beautiful, ivy-covered home, No. 4715 Pulaski Avenue, North Philadelphia, silver-haired sturdy Rabbi Krauskopf wasn't taking back a word of it. The dean of Philadel-



RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF.

phia's spiritual guides in his particular faith, and for thirty-three years associated with Temple Keneseth Israel, he has a record for not using "vulgar words" in his eloquent attacks on the condition of modern society.

In one blistering paragraph he summed up this condition as he sees it.

"Turn where you may," he said, "and you hear reports of sins and vices, of corruptions and crimes, the like of which have never before been heard in our land. Turn where you may and you face the truth that whenever and wherever a people substitutes the worship of gold for that of God and makes indulgence of animal lusts its ruling passion, its decadence has set in and its day of ruin is not far distant."

"And the modern woman—do you hold her at least partially responsible for this state of affairs?" I asked.

"Go among the women of society," answered Rabbi Krauskopf. "See their luxuries and extravagances, their breakfasts in search of diversion, their excitements, their slanders and costly subjection to the tyrant fashion; hear of their sacrifice of domesticity, of maternity, of modesty, even of virtue, in the hope of securing a happiness, which despite all their racing and seeking and coaxing and masquerading and squandering and sinning refuses to come."

Poor old Philadelphia, I reflected, must be waking up! But of course I didn't say it aloud.

"This is nowhere near all of Rabbi Krauskopf's indictment of the

HERE IS AN EXQUISITE GOWN OF CREPE JERSEY.



woman of to-day. He submits other items, which recall the remarks Katharine Fullerton Bourke, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, puts into the mouth of the modern girl: "Men," that young person excuses herself, "won't dance with you if you wear a corset."

The rabbi caps this naive admission with his tale of "a young girl, coarsely out of her teens, who, in answer to a question as to how she liked a certain play, said: 'I enjoyed it immensely, but it was not quite the sort of play to which I would like to take my mother.'"

"Is it to be wondered at," he continued, "that roses, instead of repelling young women, even attract them; that marriage is regarded as a prelude to divorce, and that the raising of a family is regarded as old-fashioned, obsolete, even vulgar?"

"With every day more and more we hear of goings on that cannot but make the true lover of our country tremble for its future. Think of the social sins and moral corruptions, of the shocking indecencies unblushingly indulged in by ever-increasing numbers of our women, some of them scarcely out of their teens, others in their grandmotherly state."

"Think of the styles of dress—or undress—that at one time constituted the costumes of women who were rightly exalted from decent society, and which costumes were looked on as the very badge of their ignominious trade, but which styles nowadays are adopted by women who believe themselves to be the very cream of society, and who adopt these styles for reasons not very different from those for which they are adopted by professional courtesans."

"Think of the abbreviated bathing suits openly indulged in by men and women on the Pacific Coast, which expose fully one-half of the naked body, and which seem to be used, for the most part, for purposes of lolling and rolling in common upon the beach."

This at least lets New York out, with its heavily censored and chaperoned bathing beaches. Indeed, it may be that westward the course of immorality takes its way, for Rabbi Krauskopf's next sentence was another blow on the solar plexus of the West.

"Think of the lengthy hiking expeditions that have become very popular in the Far West, during which unchaperoned young men and young women, the women garbed in men's attire, make their lodging indiscriminately in the open, whenever and wherever they overtake them."

After that, however, he came nearer home.

"Think of young women racing with young men as to who can smoke the larger number of cigarettes, or racing with one another as to which of them can deposit herself more vulgarly. Think of the questionable places which young women of so-called good households are allowed to frequent, unchaperoned and far into the night. Think of the young women who drive young men in their automobiles far into the country, and long after midnight, and who regale them and themselves with strong drink purloined from the cellars of their fathers. Think of the general disregard of parental authority, of the loss of reverence for age."

"Think of some of the modern dances that stop short of nothing in point of vulgarity."

"Think of the divorces, whose alarmingly increasing numbers threaten to equalize, before long, the number of marriages, if not, ultimately, to dispense with marriage altogether, and to substitute concubinage in its place."

"Think of some of the plays that are being presented upon the public stage, and applauded to the echoes by vast audiences, plays so bold and bald in plot, so unabashed in exposition of nakedness, so immoral and indecent in act and language that they cannot but corrupt the body, mind and soul of our young, cannot but rob womanhood of that aura and mystery that has constituted its greatest charm and glory; that cannot but undermine the purity of the home, the chastity of family life, the shield and defense of domestic virtue."

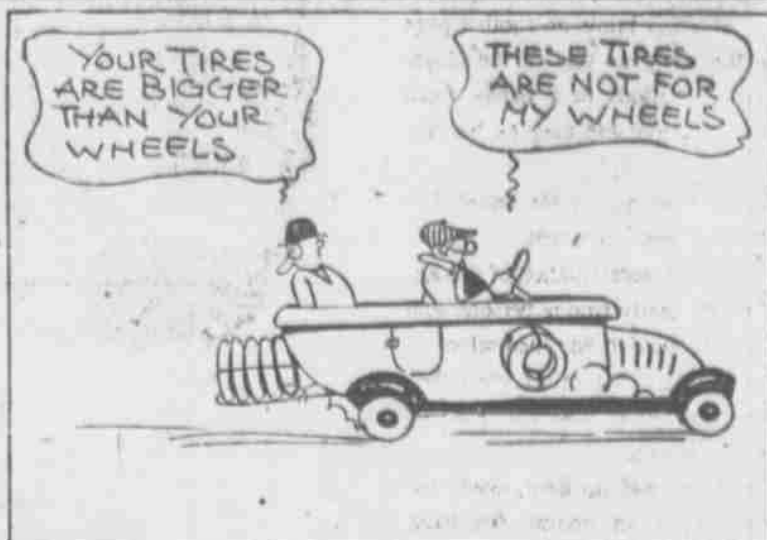
And for the Savonarola of Philadelphia there is a "little doubt as to what, in time, becomes of a people that substitutes gold for God, movies and theatres and dance-halls for places of worship; that makes the strains of the jazz band for the uplifting sounds of the organ, the ribald song and smutty joke for song and prayer; what becomes of a people that confers upon heroes and heroines of the film or stage, some of whom are fairly reeking with moral filth, the honor which at one time was bestowed on holy men and women."

"You will remember," he concluded, "the causes which in former days led to the decline and fall of mighty nations, and bearing in mind that like causes produce like results, you will have little doubt as to the fate that awaits our Nation, though a giant among nations, unless we speedily and thoroughly change our course. Ever-increasing numbers of our people are following the seducing strains of every form of moral depravity. In their embrace, like Samson, we will be short of our strength, made a slave and sport of our enemies."

## Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1920, by The Free Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



## ABOUT HIGGINS

By Sophie Irene Loeb

HIGGINS is seventy years young. He never will grow old.

He does things. He hasn't time to become aged.

While other men of his years have one foot in the grave, he has both feet firmly on the ground. He is "all there."

He loves work more than most people like to play. He hasn't a loafing limb in his body. He knows something about most kind of work.

He does gardening and painting, carpentry and cleaning. Nothing is too menial a task for him. He has a smile, and he does it with a smile.

"The talks I have had with Higgins, a man of all work, up here in my log house in the woods, have been most profitable. He has taught me much," he says.

"It is a beautiful world and there is so much to be gotten out of it. The great trouble with most people is that they don't understand the joy of simple things. They seem to me to be flying here and there continually buzzing, buzzing about something without any sense of repose."

"They are the people who condemn sin in others but who are forever sinning themselves."

"They turn a deaf ear to the girl who has erred and they scoff at her unwelcome child. They raise their voices in anger at the slightest provocation."

"They take advantage of their friends at the sign of the dollar mark. They are envious of their neighbor's riches and are unhappy because they have a few baubles less than the others. And they think they mean so much. They have never had a true perspective of themselves and have no realization of how easily things would go along without them."

"Then there are those who forever prate about sex and all the new-fangled notions that sex is the only thing in life to be considered. While sex is the prime necessity of life, it is not the first consideration of living."

And young men insist on seeing wild oats, which they later reap in broken lives. This is deplorable."

"The one thing that makes me sad is the knowledge of all these unnecessary iniquities, when people could be so happy and so much at peace, if they only stopped thinking so much of themselves and a little more of those with whom they come in touch every day."

There are only a few of the philosophies of Higgins gleaned from the

school of hard knocks which did not jolt him out of the straight course of right living.

He has no money. He asks nothing of any man but a chance to work. He has a policy that will even insure his burial.

He has given the best of himself. Sometimes I wonder, when all is said and done, if he has not given more than most millionaires. Leastwise, he has made those richer with whom he has come in contact.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell

Copyright, 1920, by The Free Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

"O H, gosh!" growled Mr. Jarr. He used a stronger word than "gosh," however, and that's why Mrs. Jarr looked at him in indignant surprise.

"I'm used to it," she said, finally. "and the only consolation I have is that our dear children are not here!" And Mrs. Jarr sighed.

Mrs. Jarr simply snorted, and Mrs. Jarr, who was up and dressed, reminded him again it was time to arise.

"Well, you need not try to pick a quarrel with me, simply because you wake up in a bad humor," said Mrs. Jarr serenely. "But I have only to remind you that if you do not get up and get your breakfast and go down to your office to your work you will lose your position. Of course, that doesn't matter to us," she added. "We can live off our wealthy relatives. We should worry!"

These last remarks were sarcasm. The Jarrs had no wealthy relatives. "I'm sick and tired of the treadmill," remarked Mr. Jarr, a great obsession of self-pity sweeping over him. "I'm sick of going downtown to the same old office, doing the same old work and getting the same old begrudging pittance for it every Saturday!"

"Oh, don't talk that way, please," cried Mrs. Jarr. "You'll be giving me the blues."

"What's the use of anything?" Mr. Jarr moaned on. "I'm tired of high thinking and low living, and the salary I do get only keeps me in debt. I figure it out I save money by staying in bed!"

"But you can't stay in bed a week or two weeks," suggested Mrs. Jarr. "I can stay in bed for years!" grumbled Mr. Jarr.

"But now will they get along down at the office without you?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Come, dear, don't be selfish. Think of the office! Think of your employees!"

"Oh, they'll get along fairly well without me," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "I'm only mortal. Suppose I die. They'd have to get along without me then, wouldn't they?"

"I don't believe they could," said Mrs. Jarr. "In all sincerity the dear little woman believed it."

"Well, I'm going to pass 'em up," Mr. Jarr growled. "I'm not going to work this day, nor any day any more—maybe." And he rolled over.

Mrs. Jarr went to the telephone and called up the office, notifying Mr. Jarr's employer that Mr. Jarr was ill.

## MALE VAMPIRES

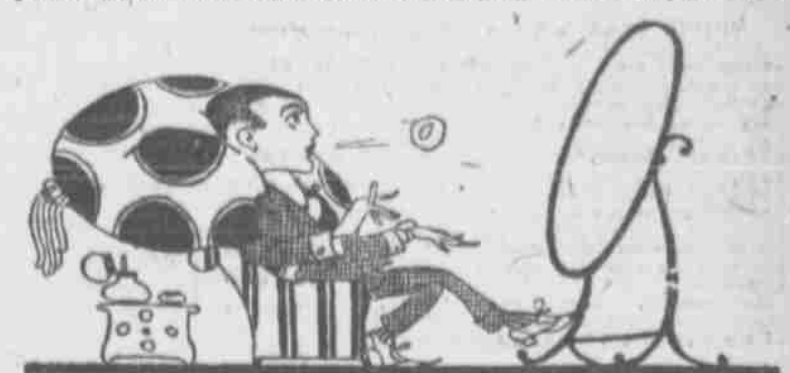
This Vampire Has the Manners of a Chesterfield and the Brains of a Camel; in a Thought Tournament With One of These Boy Sirens Simple Simon Would Look Like a Rhodes Scholar.

By Neal R. O'Hara.

Copyright, 1920, by The Free Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

HIGH-HO for the masculine vampire! May his tribe decrease! This life is tough enough without the male hussies blocking traffic in front of the corset shop windows. Still, the census shows there's one hell-born every hour. That's a lot slower than suckers are born, but still it's plenty. There is a bigger demand for suckers.

You know the male vampire, with a form like a figure 8 and a dome like a bowl of ivory. He has patent leather hair and a shoe-faced torso. Nature has blessed him with teeth like pearls, lips like coral and ears like pink seashells. All of 'em attached to solid rock. You see the male corset



slave in the parlor district on gorgeous afternoons! He also infests musical comedy plots and credit clothing houses. Life is just one hand-picked eyebrow after another to this guy.

Take a dash at the male vamp's boudoir at about the hour of sunset. Middle-aged sleeping bower is always furnished with antique tailor's bills, inlaid with legal threats. Rare aromas crowd the air—the incense of fried Bermuda onions, the attic of hard-boiled eggs.

You see a five-foot shelf of complexion classics—the world's best literature for selective reading.

"How to Avoid Nettle Rash," by Lilian Russell. "The Manual of Arms," by Venus de Milo. "From Choir Boy to Chorus Man—A Simple Triumph," by Hennington de Vere. "Four Indorsements of the Puckered Lips," by Lillian O'Leah. "What Nix-ain't it Iron Did for Me," by Jack Dempsey. "What It Did for Me," by Jess Willard. Every one a book without a blemish!

These silk hat vampires are the correct answer to "Why parents leave home." And can you blame the old folks? Think of raising a baby boy that grows up to follow the fashion tips in the theatre programmes and to believe all the lotion ads in the Flappers' Home Journal. Could any father love an offspring that would go without milk in his tea to put cold cream on his cutie cuticle? Could a mother forgive a boy with eyebrows that look like a pair of parentheses taking a nap? We'll rest the case with the jury.

The male vampirino—there he stands! He has the manners of a Chesterfield and the brains of a camel. In a thought tournament with one of these boy sirens Simple Simon would look like a Rhodes scholar.

Those blond collar models always figure that Adonis and Apollo lead the world's handsome men simply on account of alphabetical order. Every wimp thinks that if the list of stalwarts is ever rewritten, Abou Ben Adhem will get second place.

There are only a few rules for joining these beards, thus: No. 1.—The male vamp should take a snack of rice powder and a dash of cold cream for his evening meal. No. 2.—When he's dolled up for an evening's killing, he should make

"Brain fever threatens," she lied nobly. Brain fever is a malady unknown to physicians, but it is a clean, romantic affliction, dear to the novelist. It also wounds refined and dignified, as it connotes overstudy, high emotional pressure and shock, narrow and overworked mentality.

"Won't you get up and have breakfast?" asked Mrs. Jarr, hyping in to where Mr. Jarr still lay pining himself.

"Now," returned the brain fever patient ungraciously.

"Oh, dear, I hope you're not going to get sick," said Mrs. Jarr. "And we have a surprise for you, too. Uncle Henry sent me a sugar-cured ham—I suppose he wants to borrow some money—and now you're sick!"

"Well, I might try to take a little breakfast," said Mr. Jarr, growling and sitting up. "The coffee might make me feel better. Gimme my bathrobe."

And wearing bathrobe and slippers, impalpable evidence of incipient brain fever, the invalid hopped to the breakfast table and the country raised

sugar-cured ham.

Donald Brian look like Ragged Dick. No. 3.—A torpid liver is to be preferred to a prominent Adam's apple.

Those are the rules for the bitty-titties. His clothes come from England. His perfume comes from Paris. And the gloss on his hair comes from grease. The male vampire can see more beauty in his mirror than a Cook's tourist lamping the Grand Canyon. If looks could kill, he'd be a suicide. The la-la boys knock 'em dead where flippers fall. When these wrist watch Wilberts get to heaven, they'll want silk-lined halos and padded wings.

COSTUME WORN AT FAREWELL DINNER TO PRINCE CAROL.



MRS. MAIKE CLAR INTERNATIONAL.

THIS beautiful national costume, which was once the property of the Princess Guza of Roumania, is to be sold in aid of the Roumanian Relief Committee. The gown is the property of Mrs. Maiké Clar, noted as a social worker in New York. Twenty-eight years ago the gown was presented to Mrs. Clar by the Mother Superior of a Roumanian convent, whom Mrs. Clar had saved from an injury. It was brought to this country by Mrs. Clar and remained in storage until recently, when it was worn by Miss M. Clar, secretary to the Roumanian Consul in New York, at the farewell dinner given to Crown Prince Carol of Roumania at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mrs. Clar is shown wearing the beautiful costume, which is probably the finest of its kind in this country.